

September 20, 1958

America

Interracial Councils in Chicago

by Ed Marciniak

I Remember Father O'Connell

by A. L. Thompson Willett

Live Modern: A Feature "X"

by Jean Holzbauer

Fusion, Fission and Some Fussin' • Desegregating Arlington
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America

National Catholic Weekly Review

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Correspondence

Safety in the Air?

EDITOR: It is gratifying to read of the safety of air travel ("Death in the Air," AM. 8/30). What, however, are the odds of an air traveler walking away safely from an air-line crash as compared to the odds of a land motor-vehicle traveler walking away safely from a traffic crash?

H. DUPREE

Detroit, Mich.

Russians at Brussels

EDITOR: In the light of discussion on the Brussels Fair (AM. 8/2, p. 464), it is interesting to recall what Fr. Edward Leen, C.S.Sp., said concerning the Russian Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition of 1937:

It was towering and massive. It had structural excellence; it had fair proportions . . . The spirit that reared it knew what it valued and boldly expressed that value . . . It surveyed with a touch of scorn the structures of all the other nations—nations uncertain what they valued and ignorant of the goal to which they should direct their efforts. That Soviet structure expressed the Soviet creed. It breathed a hard, uncompromising materialism.

If he were alive to see it, no doubt Fr. Leen would say the same of the 1958 Soviet exhibit.

JEANNE LUSK

Salem, Ore.

East Meets West

EDITOR: Thanks to John P. Sisk for an enjoyable article (AM. 7/19). The Japanese student is like the American: the infinite possibilities of English are as incredible to him as "Hamlet without End" is to the American. Come to think of it, most of us used to be incredulous ourselves. Which makes it all the more enlivening to answer the demand for certainties with the suggestion of infinite variety.

CONSTANCE PURSE

Nanzan University
Nagoya, Japan

Why They Don't Read

EDITOR: Having been brought up to regard reading as a pleasurable recreation, and as a graduate of Oxford University where one "reads" rather than "majors in" a subject, I have for some time been perturbed by the reading habits of my teen-age and subteen children and was therefore greatly

interested in the report by Father Joseph F. X. Erhart, S.J., on the assignment given his junior-year students (AM. 8/16). His summary raised several questions.

As to the large percentage of students who had not been to a Catholic bookshop in more than a year and the unimpressive selection of titles purchased, this would seem to me to be consistent with the indifference to forming an opinion of their own that I have observed, not only in the "younger generation," but also in many adults.

The atmosphere today is, unfortunately, not conducive to the development of a love of reading. On the one hand, there is that attitude of spoon-feeding education to the young so that it will be an enjoyable experience and one that only the barest minority cannot successfully complete; on the other, there is the pathetic clinging to conformity with the "crowd," all too often an aping of maturity and feverish participation in group activities. The individual who devotes any time to reading is apt to be regarded as an

oddity. It would, perhaps, have been revealing if Fr. Erhart had also asked how many had voluntarily gone into any bookshop.

The complaint of Catholic bookstores in Philadelphia as to lack of patronage may well be just, but I wonder how much effort they have made to attract clientele? And finally, there are the books themselves. First, the publicity and other attractive qualities of most Catholic books leave much to be desired. I am encouraged by the trend to wider distribution and eye-catching (but tasteful) covers of, for example, the Image Books series, but I do think that much more could be done in this line. Second, Catholic books are priced, in general, so high that buying more than two or three at a time becomes a budgetary problem.

In conclusion, I wonder how many Catholic institutions of learning are doing anything constructive to encourage an interest in reading in their students. Since we parents are constantly being urged to send our children to Catholic colleges, surely it is not too much to expect that the colleges make a real effort to foster the habit of reading.

BETTY SZE O'NEILL

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The Presidential Election of 1880

JESUIT STUDIES

by Herbert J. Clancy, S.J.

This monograph is an analysis of the presidential election of 1880. The writer has fine-combed all the available documentary evidence. The personal papers of James A. Garfield, Samuel J. Tilden, Thomas F. Bayard, Chester A. Arthur, as well as those of thirty-one other American politicians, have been carefully examined. The election was one of the closest and most exciting in all American history. Bribery, forgery, and religious bigotry formed the seamy side of an otherwise fair political contest. The loser, Hancock, was convinced that he had really been elected and then defrauded. The winner, Garfield, was promptly assassinated by a disappointed office seeker. The final chapter, which deals with Garfield's close victory and tragic death, is based in part on the assassin's own letters. The monograph joins the company of four distinguished studies of presidential elections: Gammon's study of the election of 1832, Fite's study of the election of 1860, Coleman's study of the election of 1868, and Hawthorth's study of the election of 1876. Like these men, the author has tried not to let Lord Acton's warning, "The impartial historian can have no friends," keep him from being objective.

Cloth, x + 294 pages. \$4.00

Loyola University Press, 3445 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago 13, Illinois

Current Comment

Fifth Republic for France

Under the highly symbolic gaze of a statue of Marianne, in the equally symbolic setting of the Place de la République, Premier Charles de Gaulle presented on Sept. 4 the final text of the proposed new French Constitution. His enemies have never criticized the General for a lack of theatrical sense, and the staging of this event was fully in character. His clear aim was to reassure friend and foe that the document represented no break with France's republican past.

Catholics might pause over one phrase in the proposed basic law. Article Two describes France as "an indivisible, *lay*, democratic and social Republic." Unhappy memories of past campaigns to separate Church and State by simple annihilation of the Church are easily evoked by use of the term "*lay*." The same article, however, tends to dispel such memories by a further affirmation that the Republic "respects all beliefs." Thus Pierre Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyons, could inform a group of French parliamentarians that Catholics are not opposed to the constitutional declaration that France is a "*lay*" state.

All 92 articles of the de Gaulle Constitution will undergo careful scrutiny before Sept. 28, the date scheduled for a national vote on its adoption. Under any interpretation of its provisions, France will have a stronger President. Despite the doleful warning of former Premier Pierre Mendès-France, the arm of Parliament is not entirely shortened. Present indications are that republican sentiment will be satisfied and the Fifth Republic established.

Bulganin's March to Oblivion

On Feb. 8, 1955, Comrade Khrushchev announced that Nikolai Bulganin was the Communist party choice as Premier in place of Georgi Malenkov. The Supreme Soviet approved the election without dissent on a show-of-hands vote.

Bulganin, however, was imprudent

enough to back the "Molotov faction" in the inner sanctum hassle of 1957. That cost him the premiership, which Khrushchev took over from his ill-advised partner in March of this year. The demoted Bulganin was named board chairman of the USSR State Bank. He lost ministerial rank but retained his Cabinet post, as well as his prized membership in the Supreme Soviet Presidium.

But on Aug. 15 last came new grief for the ex-Premier. Bulganin was ousted as keeper of the kopeks and made Economic Council chairman of a region in the northern Caucasus. This downgrading brought him loss of Cabinet rank.

Now a final (?) indignity. According to the Moscow radio on Sept. 6, Bulganin has been dropped from the Soviet Communist party Presidium.

Malenkov left Moscow, we recall, to count kilowatts in Kazakhstan. Molotov deserted the capital to be Ambassador to Outer Space (more exactly, Outer Mongolia). Now the former fellow-traveler of Comrade Nikita, once feted from London to Delhi, is juggling statistics in Stavropol. When men cross the redoubtable Khrushchev, they find that "the paths of glory lead but to the"—sticks. There is solace even here, however. Under Stalin, if we may be pardoned a pun, the same paths led but to the Styx.

Teamsters Surviving

The McClellan committee was still intent this week on the noisome affairs of the Teamsters as it prepared to suspend hearings until the morrow of the November elections. Just in case the harried Mr. Hoffa had ideas of escaping finally from the glare of the TV cameras, Robert F. Kennedy, chief counsel of the committee, announced that the Teamsters would again be in the witness chair when hearings resumed on Nov. 10.

It would be encouraging to report that the committee's relentless and protracted exposure of Teamster corruption, together with the activities of the court-appointed monitors, had dis-

credited the Hoffa administration, and that the honest men in the union were well on the way to ousting the hoodlums and rejoining the AFL-CIO. The lamentable truth is, however, that the Teamsters are flourishing and that Hoffa and his henchmen, with assistance from some smart, high-priced lawyers, appear to be firmly in control. Two weeks ago John English, veteran secretary-treasurer, defiantly announced that the Teamsters, despite the McClellan committee, now had more members than ever before.

... Reform Gaining

However downhearted Senator McClellan and Counsel Kennedy may be over Hoffa's seeming indestructibility, they can find some solid consolation in the progress of the AFL-CIO clean-up campaign. In the course of the August meeting of the executive council, President George Meany revealed that two unions chartered to replace corrupt affiliates had made excellent gains. The new Laundry Workers had won the allegiance of about 25,000 of the 40,000 members of the old, discredited union. More encouraging still, the American Bakery and Confectionery Workers, which held its first convention last week in Atlantic City, has swamped the ousted Bakery and Confectionery Workers in election after election and now has 78,000 members. (Before the McClellan probe disclosed corruption in high places, the old Bakery Workers had 132,000 members.)

Mr. Meany also reported that two repentant affiliates, with help from AFL-CIO monitors, were successfully taking the cure and might soon be fit to return to decent union society. These unions are the former AFL Textile Workers and the Distillery Workers.

Finally, the McClellan committee no doubt found satisfaction in the tough AFL-CIO directive to the Operating Engineers to speed up its fumigation, as well as in the heat the federation is putting on the Butchers, the Carpenters and the Hotel and Restaurant Workers. In all these cases the committee developed the evidence that enabled the AFL-CIO to demand an accounting. Mr. McClellan will have no trouble getting funds from the next Congress to pursue his probe for another year at least.

Father and Son

Are there differences in personality between habitual criminals and normal people? Criminologists and simple taxpayers alike ask the question many times. Since the Federal Bureau of Prisons announced in August that more U. S. adults (195,414) were in prison than ever before, the query seems especially pertinent.

What type of person winds up in our penal institutions? One tentative answer came out of the recent Washington convention of the American Psychological Association. Two scientists from the University of Utah reported findings of a study made on a number of habitual criminals and on a selected comparable group from the noncriminal population. Not only did the family life of criminals appear more mobile or "footloose," but a significantly interesting difference was noted between the role of fathers of criminals and of normal individuals. For instance, approximately twice as many fathers of the normal attended church *often* as did the fathers of prisoners.

In this poll-conscious age no one wants to build a statistical mansion out of a few straws. But the possible influence of differences in religious involvement and attendance of parents while youngsters are growing up deserves a moment's reflection. To the social worker such reports again indicate that social evils commonly trace back to the family. If they also lessen popular belief in the myth that prisons are filled with ex-acolytes, they may still cause many a father to examine his conscience on the home effect of his religious example. "As the twig is bent" seems true even under scientific scrutiny.

Year II of the Sputnik Age

This October 4 the world will have completed the first full year of the Sputnik Age, a year that has shaken at least some of the smugness out of American education. The curriculum of studies in scores of school systems has been stiffened, the school day lengthened, promotion requirements made tougher and Federal largess to the schools greatly expanded.

The U. S. Office of Education this month reported that more and more college students are majoring in science

and mathematics. In fact, the colleges next June will confer between 40,000 and 45,000 degrees in these two fields. This represents an approximate one-third increase over 1957. Nearly 13 per cent of the college enrolment is majoring in either mathematics or one of the sciences.

Some provisions of the National Defense Education Act of 1958, passed on the final day of the 85th Congress, will probably help to stabilize these gains both in general academic tone and scientific emphasis.

Federal money has been made available to improve and widen the guidance, counseling and testing programs for the nation's 8.8 million high school students. Nearly one-third of the \$887 million authorized in the Act will go for the purchase of equipment designed for education in science, mathematics and modern languages. Private nonprofit institutions are eligible for low-interest loans to buy such equipment.

All this is gain and should serve to strengthen the hand of school authorities, public and private, in their efforts to give American education the muscle and vibrancy to match the challenges of the Sputnik Age.

Uncle Sam Lends to Collegians

They won't all need it nor will they all qualify for it, but a new source of financial support will be at hand for many of the 3.6 million students returning to college this month.

The \$887-million aid-to-education bill signed into law by the President on Sept. 2 provides \$295 million for loans to college students. The Government will furnish 90 per cent of the money and the college the remainder to capable students who require financial assistance.

A student may borrow up to \$1,000 a year for five years and may repay the loan at three-per-cent interest over a ten-year period beginning the year after his graduation. Those who enter public school teaching qualify for the "forgiveness" clause in the law. For each year of their first five years of teaching in a public school the Government will forgive them ten per cent of the loan.

The new loan program will be closely watched. A recent study of the use made of loan funds established by the colleges

themselves in 1955-56 came up with some paradoxical findings. Only seven per cent of the students took advantage of loan funds, borrowing only half of the \$27 million available.

On the other hand, 83,000 students did partially finance their education through loans, and those in private schools borrowed nearly three times as much as students in tax-supported schools.

Loans may not be the complete answer, but the easier terms of the new loan program should lighten the financial burden of higher education, particularly for students in private colleges. These pay 70 per cent more for their schooling than do students in State schools.

Where Responsibility Belongs

An amendment to the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, signed into law by President Eisenhower on Sept. 6, goes far toward putting primary responsibility for the purity of foods sold commercially where it belongs—on producers and processors rather than on Government inspectors. Until this law, it was necessary for the Government to prove, for instance, that a chemical added to a food product for coloring or flavor was harmful. This was done through tests on animals, which often took two years for completion. If the substance was proved harmful, then court action could be instituted to bar its future sale—a wonderful way of locking the stable door after the steed had strayed.

Under the new law, industries will have to do the animal testing and then submit the results to the Food and Drug Administration. If the agency is satisfied, it will issue conditions under which the chemicals may be used (amounts permissible, foods in which it can be used, and so on). If use is denied, public hearings will be held, and any order issued would be subject to court review.

This is a sound step toward proving to the food industry that public health is not to be played with. The welcome this law should get from the general public—if not from producers and processors—ought to nerve the Federal Trade Commission to move in on the ridiculous, contradictory (and perhaps harmful) claims made, especially on TV, for the virtues of cigarette filters, dentifrices and pain relievers. Are the "in-

gredients of our pills" really recommended by "four out of five doctors," or should the maker be forced by law to prove that claim instead of merely stating it?

Folklore Can Backfire

Does the current popular picture—mainly on TV—of the U. S. West build up, especially in young minds, a sense of good old American invincibility that gets set back on its heels in real life so often and so joltingly that cynicism and disillusion set in?

Over in Moscow the international shooting championships have been taking place. U. S. marksmen have managed to take some first places, but, as a dispatch on Aug. 23 wryly states, "when the smoke cleared away [U. S. rifle and pistol men] were still far behind Soviet Union riflemen."

This came as a shock. Heavens, are we not known the world over for Daniel Boone, Wyatt Earp and Billy the Kid, not to mention Mr. Boone of "Have Gun, Will Travel" and Mr. Dillon of "Gunsmoke"? The guns that won the West have an annoying habit of emit-

ting a feeble pffft when they are stacked up against international competition.

These Western legends that build up our sense of superiority had not a little to do, it can be judged, with the rudeness of our awakening when Sputnik I shook us up. Perhaps TV could serve the good purpose of helping us face reality if Matt Dillon would only *miss* once in a while; and if that sounds like treason to "Gunsmoke" addicts, we can only say that a steady diet of Western dream-heroes is no fare to prepare the younger generation for the real villains they must some day get the drop on.

Darwin-Wallace: A Century After

THE 15TH International Congress of Zoology held in London, July 16-24, was built around the centenary of the announcement by Charles Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace of the theory of evolution by natural selection. From the inaugural address by Sir Julian Huxley, in the presence of the Darwin and Huxley families, to the closing paper by the Russian, Pavlovsky, this motif was constantly recurring. However, the atmosphere of the Congress was quite different from that which prevailed a century ago when Sir Julian's ancestor locked horns with Bishop Wilberforce over the theory.

The active participation in the discussions by a couple of dozen priest-scientists and an uncounted number of Catholic laymen demonstrated that Darwinism is regarded in a different light than it was a hundred years ago. The same is true for the non-Catholic zoologists. They have come a long way from the early pronouncements of Darwin, and especially of his "bulldog," Huxley. As Sir Julian pointed out, research since the publication of *The Origin of Species*, while confirming the main points of the theory, has shown many weaknesses in it. This is especially true of ideas regarding human evolution.

Thus, in his paper on *Australopithecus*, Sir Wilfred Le Gros Clarke called attention to what he called "half-wayism." This is the belief that, since, according to Darwin, man and apes had descended from a common ancestor, this "missing link" should be half-man and half-ape in his physical characteristics. This was Du Bois' idea when he coined the name *Pithecanthropus* for the fossil which he found in Java in the 'nineties.

FATHER YANCEY is professor of biology at Spring Hill College. During the summer he attended the 15th International Congress of Zoology in London, the First Catholic World Health Conference in Brussels and the meeting of Pax Romana's Scientific Secretariat in Louvain.

Actually, as Sir Wilfred showed, such forms as *Pithecanthropus*, and even the older *Australopithecus*, are definitely human, though of a more primitive type than our present *Homo sapiens*. However, by "primitive" he did not mean "ape-like," because the apes are as highly specialized in their way as modern man is in his.

Professor Weiner described for us the keen detective work employed in exposing the Piltdown hoax. This exposition was documented by the actual bones on display in the British Museum of Natural History just two blocks away. Finally Dr. Cave explained away the fanciful reconstruction of Heidelberg Man as representing a race of hunched-over creatures by showing that this particular specimen of Neanderthal man was simply a victim of arthritis. The rest of the fossils of this stage of evolution are perfectly normal.

In conclusion, this centenary should be a lesson to us regarding the acceptance of new theories in science. The outright rejection of these, especially on a priori grounds, is just as culpable as their acceptance when supported by insufficient proof or by falsified data, as in the case of Piltdown Man. Even more serious is the extension of concepts perfectly valid in one field to another in which they are not. Herbert Spencer and others were guilty of this in projecting the concept of evolution by natural selection to the field of human relations and morality.

In this connection, one of the most interesting exhibits at Downe House (Darwin's home, now a museum of Darwiniana) is a copy of Karl Marx' *Das Kapital* inscribed by its author to his "dear friend, Charles Darwin, whose ideas I greatly admire." Of course, Darwin, the English country gentleman, cannot be blamed for communism, but in the scientific, positivistic atmosphere of those times it is easy to understand how Marxism came to be called, illogically, "Social Darwinism."

P. H. YANCEY

Washington Front

Desegregation: Virginia Background

NOTE TO gentle reader: Most people hereabouts, out of a decent regard for Southern opinion, prefer to use the unwieldy word "desegregation" rather than "integration" when applied to the schools. They really mean different things to the South. The former merely means turning "white" schools into bi-racial ones, where population and local geography demand it, whereas the latter has a wider meaning, social, economic, political, as well as educational.

People in Washington have a poignant interest in the question, because just across the bridges lies Arlington County, often called "Washington's bedroom." There live Government military and civilian employees, mostly working in Washington. They come from all over; most of them are not interested in Virginia's racial problems; what they want is an education for their children, and that is now menaced.

Last year, Virginia's legislature, under the mandate of the State Democratic Boss, U. S. Sen. Harry F. Byrd, with his slogan of "massive resistance," passed 44 laws, each with a dozen or so provisos and provisions, all of them cunningly devised to circumvent Federal designs for desegregation of the public schools, forever. Everybody, of course, knew in his heart that sooner or later all these laws would be declared invalid, but also that they would gain time, during which racism would be

built up and run rampant, in defiance of the Court's *Brown* cases, which declared that the threat of violence and other threats are no cause for delaying the Court's decree of 1955 for "all deliberate speed." But this may take a long, long time.

Caught in the vast marshy morass of laws are two groups: the Federal judges and the county school boards. They are entangled by one special law: if the public schools, for any reason, Federal mandate or otherwise, are desegregated, they will be automatically closed to all white and Negro students. These students the State will then support in nonsectarian, segregated "private" schools, which do not exist, of course. Hence Arlington's worry.

Incidentally, Virginia's Catholic schools have been desegregated since early in May, 1954, two weeks before the Supreme Court's decision, by decree of the late Bishop Peter L. Ireton. Asked by a reporter how many Negroes were in Northern Virginia's 17 parochial schools, the Diocesan Superintendent said he did not know: the schools keep no records of race or color. All of them in the State opened this year again without racial trouble or resistance.

Time, of course, is essential. Mr. Eisenhower used the word "slower," as if 95 years since Emancipation was fast, or even the 18 years since 1940, when Chief Justice Hughes started the modern movement. Washington, D. C., desegregated in September, 1954. No racial trouble to speak of. The real trouble was in the horrifying ignorance of Negro children from Virginia and the Carolinas. "Separate" was certainly not "equal" for these innocent victims.

WILFRID PARSONS

On All Horizons

TOMORROW'S ADULTS. "Youth, Space and Sanctity" is the theme of the 8th annual Catholic Youth Week, Oct. 26 to Nov. 2. Purpose of the observance, promoted by the National Council of Catholic Youth, is to direct the attention of young people to their apostolic responsibilities in an era of extraordinary scientific advances. A kit of materials, with suggestions for ways and means, has been prepared by the NCCY under the direction of Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph E. Schieder, director, NCCY (1312 Mass. Ave., NW, Wash. 5, D. C. \$2).

► **RELIGIOUS TV.** The Sacred Heart Program now appears weekly on 23 Armed Forces TV stations, with an estimated service audience of 185,000. Among other outlets are 7 stations in New York, 6 in Ontario, 5 in California

and Illinois, 4 in Ohio and Wisconsin. The program is produced at 3900 Westminster Place, St. Louis 8, Mo.

► **BOOK SEARCH.** Now out of print but still sought is *The Jesuits in History*, by Rev. Martin P. Harney, S.J. Rev. A. H. Mattlin, S.J., Cudahy Library, Loyola Univ., 6525 Sheridan Rd., Chicago 26, Ill., will beg or buy any copies he can get, for Colombière College, new scholasticate of the Detroit Jesuits.

► **NAVY TESTS.** Nov. 15 is the deadline for college Regular NROTC applications. Successful high school seniors receive full board and tuition at certain colleges, among which they may choose.

► **KC ADS.** Reporting on the results of the past year's "Catholic Advertising Program," Supreme Knight Luke

E. Hart revealed that 367,000 inquiries were received, while 38,000 persons were enrolled for Catholic instruction. The campaign is financed through two semiannual assessments of 40 cents on each K. of C. member. Local councils help by publishing the prepared ads in their local newspapers.

► **RURAL LIFE WELCOME.** In a letter, Most Rev. Leo A. Pursley, Bishop of Fort Wayne, has warmly urged his flock to take part in the 35th annual National Catholic Rural Life Conference scheduled to take place, Oct. 19-22, in his See city. "Our whole national economy," he wrote, "is bound up with the right solution of the problems that confront the farmer."

► **MARYKNOLL ANNIVERSARY.** 40 years ago this month (Sept. 8, 1918), Rev. Thomas F. Price, Maryknoll co-founder, set sail from San Francisco with the first mission group. The society now has 1,600 members working in 12 countries. R.A.G.

Editorials

Salvation—through the Church or MRA?

A PASTORAL on Catholic participation in Moral Rearmament, issued by Most Rev. Thomas L. Noa, of Marquette, Mich., ends a long period of prudent silence on the part of U. S. Church authorities. The Church, it was pointed out, is the sole guide on earth authorized by God to lead men to salvation. Said the bishop: "It is both dangerous and futile for Catholics to seek guidance in matters of faith and morals from those who do not have a God-given authority." In his pastoral, dated August 15, the Bishop of Marquette added the directive that Catholics in the diocese, and all other Catholics whenever they are within the limits of that jurisdiction, "may not attend the meetings of Moral Rearmament, or participate in or promote its activities." The U. S. center of MRA activities is located on Mackinac Island, in the Diocese of Marquette.

The attitude of the Catholic Church towards MRA—also known as Buchmanism, after its leading spirit, Dr. Frank Buchman—has been slow to crystallize. MRA claims to be not a religion but simply a moral or ideological force directed to changing the world by changing individuals. Reactions to this claim have varied according to country. In the 'thirties, Cardinal Hinsley of Westminster forbade Catholics to participate, even as spectators, on the grounds that MRA favored indifferentism. Bishops elsewhere were less severe. After the war, the movement gained many supporters among Catholics on the Continent. With reference to Caux, Switzerland, where MRA's chief center is located, Most Rev. François Charrière, Bishop of Lausanne, Geneva and Fribourg, has for a long time maintained an attitude of vigilant caution, but without pronouncing any definitive condemnation or prohibition.

In 1951 the Holy Office instructed bishops that priests and religious should not take part in MRA meetings, at Caux or elsewhere, without express permission. Laymen, however, were not forbidden to participate, except as members of the so-called policy teams. This regulation was renewed in 1955, but a letter of Cardinal Pizzardo, secretary of the Holy Office, which went out

simultaneously, stressed the dangers of indifferentism and syncretism inherent in MRA and manifested surprise at some Catholics' extreme enthusiasm.

What has now happened, after all these years, to call forth the directive of Bishop Noa and its sweeping prohibition? A turning point in the attitude of some Church authorities may have been the failure of attempts by Bishop Charrière in Switzerland to secure concrete safeguards against the perils to which MRA seemed to expose Catholic participants. On October 8, 1955, MRA representatives gave their assent to a "gentlemen's agreement" drafted in concert with theologians appointed by Bishop Charrière. The pact was aimed at eliminating some of the major obstacles that had prevented full Catholic confidence in Moral Rearmament. For one thing, MRA would in its official literature avoid the use of Christian terms, such as "Church," "Holy Spirit" and "Cross of Christ," which had been employed ambiguously. It was stated also that the "Quiet Time" and "Sharing" did not have any absolute value as a means of discovering God's will.

These and other similar safeguards and assurances, if adhered to faithfully by MRA, would probably have gone a long way to settle the doubts reflected in the Holy Office's instructions. But the "gentlemen's agreement" was soon afterwards formally repudiated by MRA. Thus the old objections returned with their former force, with new, positive evidence that MRA is either unable or unwilling to take into account the conscience problems of its Catholic participants.

It would be difficult, therefore, to accuse the Catholic Church of being blindly hostile to a well-intentioned movement in which many men of goodwill abound. Our age needs the cooperation of all such men, regardless of their personal religious beliefs. But the evidence is accumulating that MRA, despite its professions, is in fact a religious movement, or very rapidly evolving into one. To the extent that this implies replacing the Church as a guide to salvation, the pastoral vigilance of a bishop allows no delay or inaction.

Fission, Fusion and Some Fussin'

AT THE FIRST UN Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy in 1955, the magic word was "fission" and the air was ionized with optimism.

The second conference got under way in Geneva September 1. This year the key word is "fusion," but the atmosphere is charged with conservatism.

The last three years have shown that splitting the

atom for power and profit is a costly process, full of technical difficulties. It may be another decade before the tamed nuclear reaction can compete with conventional power sources, even in fuel-hungry lands.

The emphasis now is on thermonuclear energy, but subduing the hideous strength of the hydrogen bomb offers formidable problems. Dr. Edward F. Teller, the

"father" of the bomb, told the conference that economic exploitation of the fusion reaction may not come before the end of the century. Fusion power, then, may be farther around the corner than a rocket to Mars. The jinn is in the "magnetic bottle," no doubt, but it will take some tall coaxing to induce him to fulfil the intoxicating dream of limitless energy from the heavy water in the seas.

The Geneva conference had a most auspicious start. Just before the first session a joint U.S.-British announcement revealed that these countries were taking the wraps off all research into the controlled fusion process. Almost at once the USSR made a similar declaration covering all research up to 1958 at least. These steps created a healthy milieu for the fruitful exchange of information. They were also a sane move towards international collaboration on a vital scientific venture. If untrammelled research can provide boundless power as a perennial basis for world prosperity, everybody will bless whatever pooling of brains and resources can bring us sooner to that day.

The aura of happy harmony which glowed around the opening sessions at Geneva was dimmed September 3, however, when Prof. V. S. Yemelyanov, chief Soviet delegate, started some fussin' over fission and fusion at a press briefing.

Morals in the Market Place

MANY A CORPORATION EXECUTIVE probably rubbed his eyes in disbelief when he opened the September issue of *Fortune* and started reading Louis Finkelstein's "The Businessman's Moral Failure." Disdaining a soft approach to his audience, Rabbi Finkelstein, who is chancellor of Manhattan's Jewish Theological Seminary, starts his homily with this stern, uncompromising paragraph:

If American businessmen are right in the way most of them now live, then all the wise men of the ages, all the prophets and the saints were fools. If the saints were not fools, the businessmen must be.

Dr. Finkelstein then proceeds to document his indictment with a litany of vivid detail. Not only do businessmen, he says, have a false view of their role in society—a view which emphasizes their place on the economic ladder rather than a concern for the civilization which they dominate. They tend in many lamentable ways to transgress in their daily actions the ethical laws that apply to their calling. The author instances crooked tax returns, bribery of purchasing agents, suborning of legislators and law-enforcement officials, use of wiretaps to learn the secrets of competitors, violations of building codes, spreading of false information by insiders in order to make a killing in the stock market, false advertising and a number of other malodorous practices. "It is impossible to conduct business in the U. S. today," a fast-rising young executive confided to Rabbi Finkelstein, "without breaking the law." Even if this is an exaggeration, the author comments, there is a

The U. S. delegates had announced their support of atomic explosions for peaceful uses, even if a test-ban on weapons materialized later. These blasts could be used, among other things, to dig harbors, extrude oil from shale and create reservoirs of steam-power in the earth.

Hearing this, Professor Yemelyanov blew his atomic top. He charged that such "peaceful" testing would be nothing else than an effort to continue weaponeering behind a mask of industrial and scientific research. He also denied that the USSR had any interest, past, present or projected, in peaceful tests.

The professor's position seems extreme. If "geographical engineering" can be done more cheaply with atomic power than with conventional means, why not use such power, particularly if harmful radiation can be eliminated? The clandestine abuse of such tests for disguised military ends would be no more difficult to detect than outright weapons-testing, supposing that an effective international inspection system is ever introduced. Professor Yemelyanov is a far remove from the late Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky, who in 1949 suggested (mendaciously) that the USSR was already using atomic bomb power to fill the valleys and level the hills along the glory road to proletarian abundance.

great deal of skulduggery in the marketplace. The disturbing truth is, he says, that the U. S. businessman

is preoccupied chiefly with gain, coasting on the spiritual momentum of the past, divorced from our sources of inspiration. He is a leading citizen of a largely hedonistic nation propelled by meaningless drives toward materialistic and frequently meaningless goals.

Only those who do not know Rabbi Finkelstein will imagine that his indictment springs from hostility to businessmen, or to our system of capitalistic enterprise. On the contrary, he has been led to criticize the American businessman because of his high regard for him and his role in our society. "The fate of the world," he asserts, "hangs on his decisions." Or again: "Today's crisis demands the businessman's leadership in the area of human behavior," for the world needs "ethical leadership from those it respects as supremely practical."

Nor is the Jewish leader's message merely negative. His program for placing ethics on the corporation agenda may differ in detail and emphasis from the Holy Father's teaching on the duties of businessmen, but it is in basic accord with it. Like Pope Pius XII, Rabbi Finkelstein is warring on the maxim "business is business." He is calling for the supremacy of ethics in business, as in all other phases of life. He would save our business civilization from moral decay by having businessmen concentrate, not only on profits, but also, and even more, on saving their immortal souls. The heartening thing is that the editors of a plush businessman's magazine like *Fortune* apparently agree with him.

Interracial Councils in Chicago

Ed Marciniak

CONVENING during the 1958 Labor Day weekend in Chicago, the first National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice attested to the truth of Pius XII's recent characterization of our age as the new "springtime of history." Though the world-circling events at Little Rock cast their shadow across the three days of deliberations, 400 men and women from 40 States and neighboring Canada confidently planned the peaceful overthrow of racial segregation.

Spurring them on was a message from the South's foremost champion of social justice, Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio, who wrote:

In spite of tragedy and crisis, the times in which we live are fascinating. In every nation where men are free, concepts of justice and liberty are regaining their ancient dignity. The force of truth, the logic of life's realities and the power of the spirit are compelling assent to the proposition that human rights are inviolable.

Almighty God has loosed upon the earth an irresistible force: the clergy and laity of our ancient Church, armed with truth and grace, praying and studying, laboring and longing for justice and morality and peace. The drama is unfolding. Some of us may live to witness the glorious pageant of a world in love with God.

THE WHOLE NATION REPRESENTED

Organized by the Catholic Interracial Councils of New York City and Chicago, the conference became a great affirmation of faith, an examination of our national conscience and a call to action. All 36 Catholic Interracial Councils were represented, 13 of which are located south of the Mason-Dixon line. One delegate, an educator, came from Little Rock, Ark. Also present were representatives from Friendship House and other Catholic interracial groups; and Catholic lay professionals on the staffs of private and public bodies in the field of human relations. There was no token sprinkling of Negroes; they were active in large numbers and at every level of the conference and on all committees.

The solid turnout was a tribute to the man who has been the guiding spirit behind the Catholic interracial movement for more than a quarter-century, Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., chaplain of the New York council and

MR. MARCINIAK, who is prominent in the affairs of the American Newspaper Guild, is associate editor and promotion director of Work, organ of Chicago's Catholic Council on Working Life.

a veteran editor of AMERICA. In his keynote address to the conference, Father LaFarge did not look backwards once, but focused his attention and that of all those present on the future. He stirred the enthusiasm of the delegates by calling for the formation of 50 new Catholic Interracial Councils. It is no wonder that a layman observed: "Father LaFarge at 78 is still the most youthful delegate at this meeting."

Father LaFarge re-emphasized the "lifeblood" principle of the movement: joint action by Negroes and whites. In ringing terms, he admonished:

We cannot be content to abandon the burden of the movement entirely to either group or any one group. This is not a question of white men laboring to improve the conditions of the Negro's life—or the Mexican's, or the Puerto Rican's, or the American Indian's or the Oriental's. Nor is it the reverse, the minority element struggling angrily and unaided to obtain decency and justice. On the contrary, it is a question of all of us working for a common goal: the common good of the community, for those public matters which are our joint interest. For if one member of our body suffers, then all suffer alike. Racial prejudice or discrimination are as much a curse to those who inflict them upon a minority group as they are upon the victims themselves.

The conference opened on August 29 with Mass celebrated by Archbishop Owen McCann of Capetown, South Africa. Later Archbishop McCann urged the delegates never to forget that racism is "a world-wide problem" and thanked the Catholic Interracial Councils for "the encouragement you have given to us in our critical work in South Africa."

The work of the conference was broken down into four commissions: housing, employment, schools and parish institutional life. Also active in these commissions were experts from the National Councils of Catholic Men and Women, civic agencies, Protestant and Jewish organizations in human relations, and the universities. The conference thus had the benefit of the best wisdom available, no matter what its source, on what can be done to remove the barriers blocking the path to interracial justice. The commissions' findings and their recommendations will be published. The housing commission's suggestions as to what a changing parish might do to become a miniature of the Mystical Body of Christ will be welcomed by pastors and urban planners.

Weaving through the three-day conference was the conviction that in the North the major issue immediately confronting our conscience is housing and neighborhood segregation, while in the South it is school integration. The movement of the Negroes northwards and westwards from the South put high on the conference agenda the question of "open and apostolic parishes" in the big cities. (Chicago today has more Negroes than the entire State of Arkansas.)

When a resolution was being adopted calling upon "all religious groups and organizations of Catholic men and women to admit within their fold all Catholics who apply for membership regardless of their race," some delegates said the key to opening such doors was "outlawing the 'blackball system' of selecting new members." The conference then endorsed this view.

It was revealed that leaders of the Catholic Press Association were determined never again to meet in a segregated hotel, as they had earlier this year.

Is there a correlation between the extent of Catholic Interracial Councils and Catholic attitudes toward segregation throughout the South? For example, in North Carolina, where the three diocesan high schools are integrated and where few public schools are desegregated, there are four Catholic Interracial Councils, at Charlotte, Durham, Greensboro and Raleigh. (North Carolina has more councils than any other State except New York, which also has four.)

WIDE RANGE OF DISCUSSIONS

Among the topics discussed was the treatment accorded Negro doctors, nurses, technicians and patients in hospitals. A special report urged the Catholic Hospital Association "to study racial policies in Catholic hospitals—the results of which could be employed in the framing of a general policy for the guidance of all Catholic hospital administrators."

In his address to the conference Father William J. Kenealy, S.J., opened up for theologians several avenues for study and for all Christians a kind of examination of conscience. Father Kenealy, of the School of Law at Loyola University, New Orleans, asked:

May a Catholic legislator vote to enact or retain a segregation statute? May a Catholic voter cast his vote for a racist, even though the candidate is otherwise competent? May a Catholic college send its athletic team, minus its Negro stars, to a segregated contest? May a Catholic sit in a designated section of segregated street car or bus, or may he, or should he, defy the immoral and unconstitutional statute and sit else where? What obligations have different Catholics to fight against compulsory segregation?

On residential segregation the housing commission concluded:

The creation of ghettos, while due to many factors, may be attributed in some measure to unethical real estate operators and mortgage brokers, who capitalize on the housing needs of underprivileged people by buying or leasing run-down properties cheaply, and reselling or releasing them at

exorbitant profits. Such operators have also deliberately fostered panic-flight from neighborhoods for the sake of profits. Many conscientious realtors are vigorously opposing such practices, but cannot drive them out of the field alone. Public opinion must be aroused against housing profiteers, and appropriate laws passed and enforced that will stop their immoral practices.

Delegates recognized the fact that there are many "bystanders" whose fear of social ostracism keeps them from becoming active members of a Catholic Interracial Council. How could such men of goodwill but of stuttering courage be involved in the daily work of a council? The answer to this question, many delegates realized, was crucial for continued vitality and growth of councils.

There was little emotion in the discussions, far less than I had ever seen at a conference of this kind. Calmness and reason ruled the day. Not once was the old bugaboo raised: "Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro?"

Eyes of the conference were centered not only on Little Rock but also on Washington, D. C. The delegates unanimously adopted a resolution which said:

The desegregation of the nation's schools is not merely a legal question but it is also a deep moral issue. The clear decision of the U. S. Supreme Court holding segregation in the nation's schools to be unconstitutional should not be clouded by any reluctance in the executive branch or by an unwillingness in Congress to give support to the moral principles upon which the decision was based. At this critical time in world history the people of the United States have a right to expect their Chief Executive to use the full moral authority of his office to secure full equality for all citizens in all parts of our nation.

Since it was a working conference, delegates set up a 21-member "interim committee," whose task will be to study the possibility of closer association of various Catholic Interracial Councils; to employ a staff person to help in its work; to exchange information among councils, to stimulate new ones and to serve the needs of young and inexperienced councils; to consider another national conference sponsored by the Catholic Interracial Councils; and to set up a larger committee of council presidents, chaplains and executive directors to which the interim committee will render reports.

While the actions of the conference will be applauded by the Nation's 17 million Negroes, among them 576,000 Catholics, and by Catholics generally, special honor should be accorded that brave band of Negroes and whites in New York City who on Pentecost Sunday 24 years ago sowed the mustard seed which grew into this historic meeting. While the numbers attending the con-



ference were impressive (only 250 were expected and 400 showed up), the following specific achievements stand out.

In the first place, the presence of more than 50 Jewish and Protestant consultants gave the conference a lasting importance. Their participation recognized the need for all men of good will to stand together against the tide of race hatred and testified to the humility of those who planned the conference, who searched for information, insights and advice from the men most competent to give it—whoever they happened to be. The conference heard from such men as Gov. Orville L. Freeman of Minnesota, a Lutheran, and author Harry Golden, editor of the *Carolina Israelite*.

Secondly, there was remarkable unity at the conference. Four hundred men and women, most of whom had never met before, showed deep solidarity in attitudes, emphasis and social policy. Negroes, whites and Indians, lawyers, housewives, priests and Sisters, sales clerks, college deans and postal employees, all talking the common language of the Mystical Body of Christ, found in their common love of God, the Father and Creator of all, a love for all of God's children.

RELIGIOUS INSPIRATION

Thirdly, it was a great demonstration of faith. The springs of the conference were deeply religious. This was evident in the commission chairman, who addressed the delegates as "fellow candidates for Heaven"; in the zest with which Negro and white delegates turned out to praise and thank God at Mass every morning; in the anguish with which Negro and white delegates faced any evidence of racial pride in the House of God or any of its many mansions; in the message from the Holy Father, which said: "On the occasion of the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice the Holy Father again expresses warm commendation for the praiseworthy work of the Catholic Interracial Councils of the United States."

It was evident, too, in the words of Chicago's auxiliary bishop, Most Rev. Raymond P. Hillinger: "What you are doing is a very real part of the work of the Church"; in the warm greeting and praise which came from members of the hierarchy, including the Cardinal Archbishops of New York and Detroit, the episcopal heads of Brooklyn, Boston, Richmond, Raleigh, St. Louis, Gary, Joliet, Davenport, Lafayette (La.), Pittsburgh, New Orleans and Baltimore; in the pledge of allegiance to the hierarchy which the delegates made on the closing day of the conference; in the repeated expressions of gratitude for the foresight of the late Samuel Cardinal Stritch in making this conference possible.

It was also evident in the plea calling upon "Catholics of the young nations of Africa, the historical lands of Latin America and the ancient lands of Asia" to "join with us in prayer for our nation at this time of profound crisis over the racial issue." And it was evident, finally, in the closing prayer of the conference as delegates stood up to recite together the Apostles' Creed.

Feature "X"



JEAN HOLZHAUER, a graduate of the Marquette University School of Journalism, does free-lance writing for *Commonweal* and various other periodicals. Her husband is administrator of the Marquette Guidance Center.

PIECEMEAL over the past several years, from reports of the many speeches of the Rev. Walter S. Ong, S.J., I have constructed a monumental admiration for this professor from St. Louis University. Much of my satisfaction with him—let me confess it at the outset—derives from the fact that his ideas often coincide with my own. "Look here!" I burble, to anyone who will listen. "It says that Father Ong is in accord with the mainstream of contemporary culture. Me, too. Such an intelligent man!"

One of the Ong ideas that I like best is that it is perfectly O.K. for Catholics to admire the achievements of modern science. He has gone so far, indeed, as to point out that life was not uniformly rose-colored, even for the faithful, in our past of glorious tradition and exaggerated memory. Doubtless he is not unique in his position, but my experience of Catholic spokesmen and editorialists makes him seem nearly so, to me.

In this respect, my introduction to American Church society nearly 20 years ago was not unlike a plunge into a community of Dunkers, where reliance on conveniences as complicated as the buttonhook is regarded as collaboration with the enemy. Such an attitude may represent an orthodox and godly point of view, for all I know, but I found it exotic. It was a relief to meet Father Ong, and return to my own century, so to speak.

Precisely how the strain of deliberate anachronism arose in our midst is a mystery, though scholarly friends have pointed out various nostalgic renaissance movements and introduced me to Eric Gill. There it is, whatever its antecedents, and I must say it has given me pause. Like the year when some zealous Papist toured the country with a speech suggesting that ownership of a Bendix constitutes an immoral act.

It so happens that I don't own a Bendix, but my reasons are economic, not moral. We would have to put in a new water heater and restructure the plumbing. Given the necessary cash, I would queue up at the nearest Bendix assembly line tomorrow. Does any mother of five want to scrub shirts at the river bank?

I don't want to plant grain in the back yard and pound out flour on flat stones, either. For that matter, I don't want to bake my own bread; not while the I.G.A. offers vitamin-enriched whole wheat at reasonable prices. Say I live in a fool's paradise, if you will, but I prefer milk pasteurized, and pork government-inspected. Someone who can tell one mushroom from an-

other may select mine for me, and Duncan Hines gladdens my heart with his mix-and-serve desserts.

From time to time I glance through a cookbook inherited from my grandmother and containing recipes beginning, "Pluck and clean four fowl." These browsings are followed by peeks into the freeze compartment and many heartfelt prayers of thanksgiving. Considering the processes of grandma's kitchen—"pluck and clean" often being preceded by "catch and butcher in the dooryard"—when did she sleep? Not only time was involved here. Oranges were unknown except as Christmas treats, and tomatoes were believed poisonous. It was a low vitamin-C diet for grandmother, and a long, hot sentence to the wood-burning range. No wonder she used to faint.

Surely this is the common observation; why, then, are so many Catholics bent on turning back the clock? Do they really wish to live in the splendor of the Middle Ages when every happy peasant recited the Angelus twice daily, and every other one died in childhood of the Dancing Plague? Would they really swap Andrew Carnegie's bequests for the privilege of claiming one first cousin (in a monastery) who could read?

Speaking for myself, I don't even want to decentralize and till my own acres. I'm a city girl, and would run any farm into failure just as fast as many a back-to-the-landsman has, while running myself into what modern clinicians call "a psychotic episode." And incidentally, while appreciating the sport some of us have with the "jargon" of psychiatry, I prefer the contemporary view of mental illness as episodic—rather than the good old-fashioned lifetime consignment to Bedlam.

CHILDBIRTH AT HOME

Often I stumble on Catholic magazine articles urging women readers to have their babies at home. Modern hospitals, they insist, are heartless assembly lines offering scant individual attention and no Tender Loving Care to women in their Deepest Experience. At home, surrounded by adoring, previously born children and a husband newly athrill to the miracle of life, mother would be healthier, happier and wiser than ever before. This is the natural way, God's way—so they tell me.

But I'm not so sure. I happen to like hospitals, especially in moments of personal extremity, and the idea of bringing forth a baby and spending those precious three or four recuperative days amid a welter of daddy, children, friends, hired help and pets congeals my blood. The hospital that I frequent allows fathers to remain with their laboring spouses for all but the vital hour in the delivery room, and this policy, coupled with the assurance that science surrounds me, seems to me the ideal combination. Still, if I had to choose between the two, Daddy would go, every time. All the Tender Loving Care in the world can't substitute for a suture at the required moment, and skilled hands to stitch it in; and however starry-eyed, Daddy would be no earthly use to either me or the baby in the event of some emergency.

Bearing children in the front bedroom four-poster was a technique subject to the improvement it has received, but it was not, after all, the original technique.

In four-poster days, I wonder, did Catholic nature lovers campaign for birth in the beet fields?

The segment of primitives who have grafted religion to the movement officially known as Natural Childbirth bothers me, too. No good doctor today administers more than a minimum of anesthesia, for reasons of safety, and if anyone wants to dispense with that whiff she may, but not this girl. A friend of mine, also the mother of five, says that the sweetest words in the language, better than "I love you, darling," from her husband or anyone else, are the delivery room obstetrician's terse: "All right, put her under." I could hardly agree more. It does not seem inconsonant with Christian ethics to meet the Deepest Moment immersed in brief but regal coma, and I was relieved when the Pope said rather recently that he thinks anesthetics are all right, too.

This may be the testimony of a female mouse, and it is true that I know one man who says his wife eschews ether and emerges from the delivery room looking as though she was on her way to a party. That woman also bakes her own bread, and she has had three psychotic episodes in 12 years. I am not, of course, implying that bread-bakers are generally unstable. But it seems to me that one can go too far in trying to force square pegs into round holes, or sending boys to do men's work, or mice to do the jobs of elephants.

Is it simply that I am not the woman my grandmother was? I have a clear memory of her who would be 124 if alive today, and of many of her contemporaries. They accomplished prodigies of work, enjoyed few pleasures, had their share of "episodes" (Old Mrs. Hanley came over all queer every couple of years; they took her away for good when she went after Mr. Hanley with the cleaver), and kept many of their thoughts to themselves. One of them shared a thought or two, though. Grandma used to liberate me from the dishpan, during my teens, with a dark frown. "Plenty of time for that slavery later on when you're married," she would say. "Now enjoy yourself while you can." Yet no one in her day counted Grandma's marriage a failure.

Modern times have done all right by me and mine, and I'm grateful for every gram of Salk vaccine, penicillin, tetanus serum, antibiotics and aspirin, every box of detergent and jet-propelled cereal, for all vitamin capsules, cancer research, telephone service, indoor plumbing, Pure Food and Drug Laws, public literacy, Fair Employment legislation, voting franchises, Social Security and exploration of outer space available to us. I am a long way from regarding this as the best of all possible worlds, but neither can I bring myself to think of it as irredeemable squalor which Christians must reject to secure their own salvation.

Salvation achieved by holing in like a turtle doesn't impress me, anyway. My faith in a just and loving God is strengthened by the secular miracles He has permitted his children to achieve, and it is not an argument in favor of either communism or the H-bomb to state that I want no more of the Dancing Plague. It looks as though Fr. Walter S. Ong agrees with me. As I said, he is a great relief: just my cup of tea, and such an intelligent man!

JEAN HOLZHAUER

I Remember Father O'Connell

A. L. Thompson Willett

THE NOTICE in the August 16 AMERICA of the death of Daniel M. O'Connell, S.J., takes my memory back many years, for not only was Father O'Connell dean at Xavier University when I was there, but his uncle, the Rev. Cornelius J. O'Connell, was pastor at St. Joseph's Proto-Cathedral in Bardstown, Kentucky, my home, for the 40 years preceding his death in 1919. All that time Father C. J. O'Connell drove a horse and buggy throughout his large parish, baptizing, marrying and burying several generations. He ordinarily hitched and unhitched his horse himself, stabling it in the barn in the churchyard, though the sexton, Pius Payne, himself as close to being an assistant pastor as a layman could be, tried to insist that he handle these chores. But Fr. C. J. O'Connell was never one to stand back and let any one do anything that he could do himself, and of course it was a rare thing for Pius to be around the rectory when Father would come in early in the morning, out of any kind of weather, from a sick call to one of the country parishioners.

Pius Payne's grandson, George, and I made our First Communions together in 1916, in a class where segregation would have been a joke if any one had thought about it. Father never lost one iota of dignity when he would bump our heads together without any explanation and without the slightest concern about the texture of the hair of those being so violently joined. Vincent Biven, who waits on table at the Talbott Tavern in Bardstown, and I have a regular fit of laughing when we recall how often he banged ours in particular, for we sat together. But there was no laughing then, for no one dared even to smile about anything in Fr. C. J. O'Connell's presence, unless it was his idea, which was a rare thing indeed! His Sunday morning question-and-answer sessions in church for the parish children before the nine o'clock Mass were serious in the extreme also, and I recall that at one of these he explained to me as carefully as he would have to a seminarian the full meaning of the Latin inscription over the high altar.

Dan O'Connell stayed at the rectory at Bardstown with his uncle for some time before going to the seminary, and went to Bethlehem Academy here. This was the first school established by the Sisters of Charity of

Nazareth, Kentucky, after the original convent was begun. My mother and one or two of her brothers were in the same school at the time. Her nine children all went there, too, and my oldest daughter has just finished her second year of high school at Bethlehem. My wife also went there.

THE YOUNG PRIEST

In due time Dan became a Jesuit, doing some of his studies in Rome and getting his Ph. D. at Fordham. My first meeting with him was at Xavier, when I arrived there as a freshman in 1927. The four years I was in Cincinnati were spent in residence at Elet Hall, named for the Rev. John B. Elet, S.J., who had been for a while a professor at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, when it was conducted by the Jesuits before the Civil War. When that conflict broke out, the college buildings were seized by the Federals to be used as a hospital. Fr. C. J. O'Connell was a professor at St. Joseph's when it was opened under diocesan auspices in 1877, and later became its president. Like Dan, he was always the schoolman.

St. Joseph's has, since 1914, been St. Joseph's Preparatory School, under the operation of the Xaverian Brothers. Its students come from all over the United States and Central America, and its graduates qualify for all the colleges and universities, including the service academies. This year its debating team won the Kentucky championship, and it has had several top-ranking baseball and track teams in recent times.

Fr. Dan O'Connell and I became good friends in Cincinnati. He resembled his uncle in that he was a fine student, full of intent and purpose, but he was never the orator that the classic-featured and white-haired Cornelius O'Connell was, who could be heard well outside the church on a hot day when the doors and windows were open; and who had always as full a schedule of public speeches as he could fill, in a day when Kentucky oratory was at its ringing best! Fr. C. J. O'Connell was popular with all elements in Bardstown, and when he had a new bell brought from Belgium to the Bardstown church, some of the Protestants of the town were among the largest contributors to the fund which was raised to pay for it.

Daniel M. O'Connell was a hard taskmaster as Dean at Xavier, and a leader in making it one of the fine liberal arts colleges in the country. Because he was a real competitor himself, he was always interested in Xavier's ex-

MR. WILLETT, president of Willett Distilling Co., Bardstown, Ky., writes of "a teacher who put staunchness in my spiritual backbone many years ago."

cellent record in intercollegiate scholastic contests and debates, and was helpful in interesting many students in these events who otherwise would not have participated in them. His own principal literary achievements while he was at Xavier were the editing of several of John Henry Newman's works for college use.

KENTUCKY HISTORY

Father O'Connell and I had much common ground in Bardstown history, which is full of Catholic tradition, for it was verily almost a Rome in the American wilderness in the first 40 years of the 19th century. Benedict Joseph Flaget, the French Sulpician, was Bishop of Bardstown when its diocesan limits were the Alleghenies and the Rockies, and the Gulf of Mexico and the Canadian border. St. Joseph's College educated many governors and congressmen and other outstanding men of those earlier days, among them Jefferson Davis. Bardstown's prominence has always been disproportionate to its population, and today we supply a great part of the country's bourbon and a considerable portion of the State's tourists' sights: My Old Kentucky Home, Stephen Collins Foster's inspiration for the song of that name; St. Joseph's Proto-Cathedral, more beautiful than ever with each passing year; Gethsemane Monastery of the Trappists; St. Rose, the Dominican Priory; and the Nazareth and Loretto convents. Lincoln's birthplace and Mammoth Cave are not far from here, and Lexington and the horse country are at no great distance. There are documents in our court house signed by Jefferson, and the very county of Nelson, of which Bardstown is the county seat, is named for General Thomas Nelson, Washington's intimate friend and associate in the Revolution, who was Governor of Virginia when Kentucky became a State. About these and many other things Father O'Connell and I often talked, including the English, Irish and Scotch origins of early Kentucky Catholics, many of whose forebears came to Maryland with Leonard Calvert's groups.

My father had been named for a Jesuit priest, Fr. Aloysius Lambert, once president of Creighton, I believe, who was a friend of my grandfather. Several years ago I saw a book on theology written by him in the library of Fr. Fred Gettlefinger, pastor of the church at New Haven, Kentucky. The name "Lambert" has descended not only to me, but now also to one of my sons. For that matter "Flaget" is still very much around in these parts, which shows how hard tradition dies in Kentucky.

TEACHER OF YOUTH

These things were the basis for many of the talks Fr. Dan O'Connell and I had, but studies were always his principal interest, and he did not let any one forget it for long. He encouraged me greatly, and I needed it very much, for though I had gone out for football and had made the freshman team, I had not done as well scholastically as I had hoped to; and I was not encouraged by the coaching staff about my chances of making the varsity team. Actually I packed my trunk at Christmas time and sent it home, and returned to Cincinnati

only for the purpose of finishing the semester. Father O'Connell asked me to stay when my grades improved materially in the examinations, and I not only lasted out that year, but also the next three, though I never took my trunk back! Thanks largely to his stimulation in my freshman year, I wound up with a record which brought me commencement platform recognition at graduation, though some of the Jesuits told me afterwards that I could have done better if I had tried harder. As I search my memory, by the way, I cannot find in it any vestige that leads me to believe that praise was a great factor in their psychological approach—except perhaps of the fainter kind!

Father Dan and I spoke often of the Prohibition question, and of the then remote prospect of Repeal, about which I was most seriously concerned; for even then I desired very much to have an opportunity to engage in the traditional industry of my forefathers. When Repeal came, I did go into the distilling business, and—curiously enough—Father became very much interested in the alcoholism problem! He wrote several articles on it, which would make interesting reading now, for they were foresighted in the light of the latest thought on the matter.

We played handball together frequently, and he was a hard, tenacious competitor, never giving his opponent the slightest advantage. Fathers Paul Sweeney, Paul Sullivan, O'Connell and I made up doubles teams quite often, and though I am not Irish in any respect insofar as my ancestry is concerned (my children are half Irish, though!), I did not bring a phlegmatic disposition to our contests. I joined without reserve in the hot words and gestures which accompanied some of our discussions, which, however, never got actually as serious as a spectator might have thought they were going to! As I look back, I cannot ever remember winning one of those arguments on the handball court. Nor can I really recall ever winning a decision over a Jesuit on any matter; for contrary to Mary McCarthy's versions of her experiences in that regard, I was never fortunate enough to run into the "Jesuit cousins" that she says she batted down so easily!

From Xavier Father Dan went on to various other assignments, such as first Secretary of the Jesuit Educational Association, AMERICA, the University of Detroit and, finally, West Baden College, West Baden, Ind. Our contacts became fewer as time went on, and when I went up to West Baden some time ago, I was saddened by the news that he was too ill to see visitors. Then came the word of his death, and if I some day join him in the heavenly courts, I shall not be surprised, as I shake his right hand, to see in his left a golden handball, and to hear him say: "Want to play?" And I shall reply: "Yes, Father," and I am reminded that Father Brennan used to tell us to use conversational Latin, so "*per omnia saecula saeculorum!*"



BOOKS

Chivalry Brought Up to Date

THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING

By T. H. White. Putnam. 677p. \$4.95

Pity the high school pupil who never has thrilled over the Round Table, the jousts and tournaments, the paladins and the fair ladies, the Siege Perilous, the Holy Grail of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. I've often wondered what has happened to such names as Galahad, Launcelot, Percival—who would dare name a son so in this age of spacemen and frogmen? Yet these names did ring once with connotations of nobility, bravery, honor, the word kept to God and man, the defense of the poor and weak and the quest of the Holy Grail. It would seem, however, that today only young "squares" could possibly be thrilled (as we were once) by the legend and the rousing romance of the Round Table.

Well, of course, good Lord Alfred himself is largely to blame. As the age

of the sere leaf creeps up on us, we begin to realize that Tennyson's lords and ladies are 19th-century and quite a collection of snobs and prigs at that. If we can still admire the sound of the "leaguelong rollers thundering on the beach," we know that Lord Alfred's beaches were not the strands on which foamed the turbulent, hazardous, shocking, glorious life of the Arthurian times that are legendary to us, but that were real enough, in all conscience, to those who lived in them.

This is the truly remarkable achievement of Mr. White's retelling of the whole Arthurian cycle. He has quarried in the rich mine of Malory, but what he has brought to view are not lifeless statues, but people; not premedieval puppets, but individuals who speak to us—and especially to the Catholic us—with voices that are somehow strangely familiar.

A review cannot do justice to the fun,

the pathos, the tragedy, the heroism and the humanity of this book. Don't think, if you start it (as I fervently hope you will), that you are reading a tale for children; the first book deals with the childhood of Arthur and is filled with his magic education under Merlin. It is also filled with amazing lore about the habits of animals, the customs of the folk and the courts—a fascinating mixtum-gatherum we would expect from a scholar who, among other books, did one on the medieval bestiaries.

The subsequent books move into the body of the legend. Obviously the story is mainly the immortal triangle—Arthur, Guenever (White's spelling) and Launcelot; but here the author injects a dimension that is not in Tennyson; it was, he says, not a triangle, but a four-cornered affair: God was very much there, too.

And all this is told in a marvelously functional language that preserves the ancient flavor while still being modern. Some of the knights, for instance, speak exactly like cartoonist Low's Colonel Blimp, and there are constant (and delightful) anachronistic references to cricket, tennis, space travel and what not.



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But I must stop. This is the kind of book that suggests all sorts of Catholic roots and traditions. If the times and the characters are legendary, the ideals of the Round Table (and the faults and sins that soiled the ideal) are as real as the Church which looms so unobtrusively large in these magic pages.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

As Shadows Fall

THE LAST YEAR OF THOMAS MANN

By Erika Mann. Transl. by Richard Graves. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 119p. \$3.50

Sarah Orne Jewett once dedicated one of her books to her father as "the best and wisest man I ever knew." This memoir of Thomas Mann by his daughter Erika, as it details the last year of his life, says just that on every page, in every sentence. About a third of the way through the small volume, Erika tells us that her one ambition in this true account of the various happenings was "to mingle the important with the insignificant, the unusual with the commonplace, the unforgettable with the evanescent, just as life and time do." But the writer has done more than this in her beautifully written story. The powerful sympathy between father and daughter gives a special dimension to the events which are recounted for us in this volume.

T.M.'s dates were June 6, 1875–August 12, 1955. The last time Erika heard him speak in public was in July, 1955, at the Festival of Holland; she missed his later talk at The Hague, since T.M. had sent her to London on a typical Mann humanitarian project: he hoped to induce a few leading intellectuals to launch an appeal-warning to the world's peoples against the threat of a "universal shameful cataclysm." The persons to be interviewed included Pearl Buck, William Faulkner, E. M. Forster, Herman Hesse, François Mauriac, Gabriela Mistral, Bertrand Russell, Arnold Toynbee and Albert Schweitzer. The plan was never completed; on July 20 T.M. was forced to bed by the ailment that caused his death, some three weeks later, in Zurich.

M. WHITCOMB HESS

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Christian's life, and that without that true understanding our existence is incomplete.

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THE POEM OF THE CID, translated by L. B. Simpson (University of California Press. 139p. \$1.25). The national epic of Spain that was composed about 1140 comes to us in a new and vigorous translation which retains the realism and humor of the original. The legendary exploits of this soldier-hero have a medieval charm that survives the centuries.

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HELEN DOLAN

TELEVISION

Television networks have been learning that the public is extremely sensitive about programs dealing with important world issues. And, as the audience makes its feelings known, it becomes more evident that it is impossible for TV to maintain a policy that will meet with unanimous approval.

Less than a fortnight ago, NBC received a fresh reminder of the difficulty involved in attempting to keep its viewers satisfied. The network was covering the U. S. amateur tennis tournament from Forest Hills, N. Y. The program was scheduled to end at 5:30 P. M., E.D.T., and to be followed by a filmed interview with Anastas I. Mikoyan, first deputy premier of the Soviet Union.

The telecast, the first of five presenting leaders of the USSR, was to be shown as part of the series, "Youth Wants to Know." Later five American statesmen were to appear on television in Russia. The programs had been described by a spokesman for the series as "the first successful exchange of television programs between the United States and the Soviet Union."

But when the time arrived for the network to leave Forest Hills and the tennis matches and begin the filmed interview, a crisis developed. The final tennis encounter of the day, between the Australians, Ashley Cooper and Malcolm Anderson, was still in progress.

The players were deadlocked in the fifth set. They were delayed when Mr. Cooper had to take time out to attend to an injured ankle.

The network was aware that it would antagonize large numbers of sports enthusiasts if it failed to cover the completion of the match. It decided, therefore, to continue the telecast until the championship was decided.

Undoubtedly it was reasoned that since Mr. Mikoyan was being interviewed on film, his appearance could be deferred a week without provoking as many protests as there would be if the tennis program were interrupted.

It seemed like a judicious decision. But soon afterwards the network began to receive calls from dissatisfied viewers. In New York, William Burke Miller, night executive officer for NBC, summarized the situation in unequivocal and accurate terms: "You're damned if you do and damned if you don't."

An earlier illustration of the difficulty of trying to please all of the audience was provided last month in a statement by Robert Sarnoff, NBC's chairman of the board. He told the story of a Brooklyn woman who wrote to the network after it had given extensive coverage to the United Nations meetings that followed the sending of U. S. and British forces to the Middle East in July. The woman was angry, but her wrath was not aroused by international events.

Asking "whose idea is it to cut in on 'Dragnet' with a UN session?" the irate viewer called the telecast "ridiculous."

Mr. Sarnoff considered her point of view carefully and wrote, in part: "Obviously our news department thought the crisis worth covering that heavily and I am glad that it did. I was pleased by the recognition our coverage—and

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2. **THIS IS THE MASS** By Daniel-Rops, Fulton J. Sheen and Yousuf Karsh. Hawthorn Books, \$4.95
3. **THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE** By Thomas Merton. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.00
4. **YOU** By M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. Bruce, \$4.50
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9. **MASTERS OF DECEIT** By J. Edgar Hoover. Holt, \$5.00
10. **THE DAY CHRIST DIED** By Jim Bishop. Harper, \$3.95

The stores listed below report their best-selling books during the current month. Popularity is estimated both by the frequency with which a book is mentioned and by its relative position in each report. The point system, plus the geographical spread of the stores, gives a good view of Catholic reading habits. Appreciation for the service can best be shown by patronizing the stores.

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 NEW HAVEN, The Saint Thomas More Gift Shop, 1102 Chapel St.

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that of ABC and CBS—received, but I still can't dismiss the Brooklyn lady from my mind. Her point was echoed somewhat less tartly by a lady from Muskegon, Mich.: 'I do like to make my own choice of what I watch on TV,' she wrote. 'This is a free country and I do not like to have things forced upon me'."

Mr. Sarnoff added: "You can argue that every citizen of America *should* be interested in following developments that could affect their lives and those of their children. But can you argue that it is wise to eliminate all freedom of program choice?"

He suggested that the networks give some thought to the idea of rotating their live coverage of great events.

No matter what course is followed, however, protests are inevitable. This is a situation in which television appears to be confronted with a problem that never can be entirely solved.

J. P. SHANLEY

FILMS

THE HUNTERS (20th Century-Fox). It is almost axiomatic that a film about aerial warfare will be more impressive when it is in the air than when it settles back to earth. This one, which concerns jet fighter pilots during the Korean War, is no exception. Nevertheless it is well worth seeing.

For one thing its aerial gymnastics, in CinemaScope and color, are bigger and better and more thrillingly photographed than ever and they occupy a sizable proportion of the picture's running time. For another the inevitable romantic triangle that crops up on terra firma—involving commanding officer Robert Mitchum, scared pilot Lee Philips and scared pilot's wife May Britt—is handled with some intelligence and taste, though ultimately it is the cause of the plot getting bogged down in mock heroics. And finally the characterizations of the individual pilots are vivid and apt, especially a brash, jive-talking ace played by Robert Wagner with an acting flair he has not hitherto demonstrated. [L of D: A-II]

DUNKIRK (MGM) is a British film about the World War II Allied defeat that, because it was miraculously saved from being a total disaster, has acquired the luster of a victory. For no apparent good reason the picture kept reminding me of that cliché that used to turn up regularly in romantic scenes in war films: "Darling, this is bigger than you



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and me." The fact is that the evacuation of more than one-third of a million soldiers from a narrow French beach-head under constant fire from Nazi ground troops and dive bombers is bigger than anything that can be adequately caught on film.

The men who made the picture have done their best to convey both the scope of the operation and also its multitude of individual dramas. In the latter regard, for example, the film personalizes the foot soldier's ordeal in terms of a corporal (John Mills) who leads his lost platoon safely through enemy lines to the beach. And it concentrates on two civilians (Bernard Lee, Richard Attenborough) to dramatize the exploits of the fleet of small pleasure craft in carrying out the evacuation. Frequently the magnitude of the undertaking defeats the film's makers and the story line becomes confusing and without personal impact. Even so it is in general a salutary reminder of the price that once was paid for unpreparedness. In particular the well-staged mob scenes on the beleaguered beach capture a sense of pity and terror and grandeur that seems like the real thing historically. [L of D: A-I]

WIND ACROSS THE EVERGLADES (Warner) is an unaccountably poor movie written by a good screen writer (Budd Schulberg) and produced by an independent company of which he was a guiding spirit. In other words the old and often legitimate alibi of movie scenarists—that they were the victims of the small print in their studio contracts—cannot be invoked to explain away the failure.

The film is about the efforts of the Audubon Society at the turn of the century to stop the illegal slaughter of birds of plumage in the Florida Everglades. In plot structure it resembles a Western, pitting the Game Warden, a sheriff-type hero (Christopher Plummer), against a picturesque gang of bird-poaching cutthroats led by Burl Ives. Perhaps one of the movie's difficulties is that there is a limit to the amount of moral indignation the average moviegoer feels over the killing of birds. Consequently its excess of bloodshed and brutality seems out of all proportion to its subject matter.

On an even more fundamental level the film's writing and/or editing are disjointed, its acting (by a cast including such non-actors as Gypsy Rose Lee, Emmett Kelly, Tony Galento and MacKinlay Kantor) uneven, to say the least, and its Technicolor sometimes disappointing. [L of D: B] MOIRA WALSH



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THE WORD

You are one body, with a single Spirit; each of you, when he was called, called in the same hope; with the same Lord, the same faith, the same baptism; with the same God, the same Father . . . (Eph. 4:4-6; Epistle for the 17th Sunday after Pentecost).

The theological term, *mystical body*, does not occur in St. Paul. Yet in the splendid Epistle to the Ephesians we find Paul's glowing exposition of the theological doctrine of the Mystical Body. Following the clear lead of our Saviour Himself—*I am the vine, you are its branches*—the Apostle of the Nations insists that the Church is a living thing in which Christ and Christian are vitally, organically united.

By way of illustrating his thesis, St. Paul (who never experienced the slightest twinge from well-mixed metaphors) employs three images. He uses, first, the less felicitous figure of a temple, *the chief cornerstone of it being Christ Himself*; then the vivid, significant symbol of the marital union between man and woman; finally the clear picture of a physical body: God has established His Son Incarnate *the head to which the whole Church is joined, so that the Church is his body*.

Systematic theology has preferred this last image as the most suitable symbol and vehicle of the exalted doctrine, and has simply introduced the term *mystical* in order not to confuse the living Church with that sacred, physical and now glorified body of Christ which is in heaven—"He . . . sitteth at the right hand of God the

Father almighty"—and which likewise abides, after a special, unique manner, in the Holy Eucharist.

In today's Epistle St. Paul is dwelling on an obvious but essential characteristic of any living organism: its unity. Whatever else a living thing may be, it is just that, one living thing, and not a group or heap or collection of living things. The Apostle enumerates seven distinct links or cords which bind the members of the Church into a vital unity: *one body; a single Spirit; the same hope; the same Lord; the same faith; the same baptism; the same God*. And Paul warns seriously against all behavior that might wound the unity of the Church. *You must be always humble, always gentle; patient, too, in bearing with one another's faults, as charity bids; eager to preserve that unity the Spirit gives you, whose bond is peace*.

With Paul, we may this morning notice, at least in a limited way, both the dogmatic and moral aspects of the doctrine of the Mystical Body. It is generally a mistake for those who firmly believe that they possess infallible truth to be intolerant and unsympathetic toward those who do not share that truth. However, it is genuinely difficult for the most fair-minded Catholic to muster up any kind of respect or even politeness for that religious view which claims to discover the most wonderful hidden Christian unity in open and often hostile Christian disunity. At any rate, let these undoubtedly well-intentioned believers in invisible unity not claim St. Paul for their strange thesis. The Apostle spent the good years of his life doing furious and unrelenting battle against any and every tendency which threatened the unity of his various Christian groups; and, often as not, those tendencies were strictly doctrinal.

More practically, perhaps, the sincere Catholic, while he holds tenaciously to doctrinal unity, must carefully heed Paul's warning against divisive behavior. It is no easy task to *be always humble, always gentle; patient, too, in bearing with one another's faults, as charity bids*. Still, we may help ourselves by reflecting that there is really no such thing as *merely* wounding an individual. In the clear light of the dogma of the Mystical Body, our divine Lord's remark becomes doubly significant: *Believe me, when you did it to one of the least of my brethren here, you did it to me*.

Which of us realizes, when he gives pain to his neighbor, that he gives pain to both Christs?

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